

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF

FEAR



NO. 17
SEPT.-OCT.

LN 10

AUTHORIZED
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WITH THE
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CODE

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ILLUSTRATED
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The Association has adopted a code of ethics to assure good taste and high editorial standards. Only comic magazines that meet the code requirements are permitted to use the special "Code-Seal". This magazine is a "Code-Seal" magazine. There are many others.

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HENRY E. SCHULTZ, Executive Director
Association of Comics Magazine Publishers
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York

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The following is a complete list of



titles, all of which bear the Code-Seal of The Association of Comics Magazine Publishers

THE CRYPT
OF
TERROR

THE HAUNT
OF
FEAR

THE VAULT
OF
HORROR

WEIRD
SCIENCE

WEIRD
FANTASY

MODERN
LOVE

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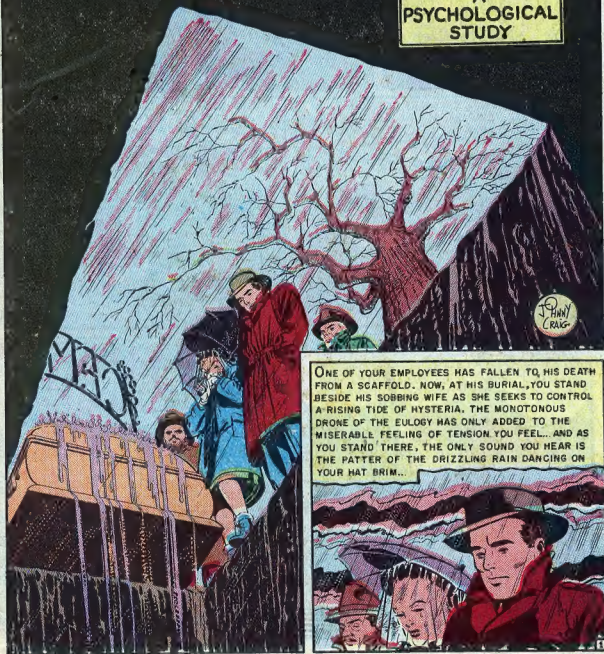
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NIGHTMARE!

A
PSYCHOLOGICAL
STUDY



ONE OF YOUR EMPLOYEES HAS FALLEN TO HIS DEATH FROM A SCAFFOLD. NOW, AT HIS BURIAL, YOU STAND BESIDE HIS SOBBING WIFE AS SHE SEEKS TO CONTROL A RISING TIDE OF HYSTERIA. THE MONOTONOUS DRONE OF THE EULOGY HAS ONLY ADDED TO THE MISERABLE FEELING OF TENSION YOU FEEL... AND AS YOU STAND THERE, THE ONLY SOUND YOU HEAR IS THE PATTTER OF THE DRIZZLING RAIN DANCING ON YOUR HAT BRIM...



UNTIL NOW THE WIDOW HAS BEEN SILENT AND MOTIONLESS.. BUT AS THE PALL-BEARERS STEP FORWARD...

NO! STOP! DON'T LOWER THE CASKET! IT'S EMPTY! THE CASKET IS EMPTY!

GRAB HER! SHE'S HYSTERICAL!



YOU TRY TO QUIET THE WOMAN, BUT HAVE NO SUCCESS. FINALLY, TO APPEASE HER, THE CASKET IS OPENED...

GOOD HEAVENS! SHE WAS RIGHT! THE CASKET IS EMPTY!

EMPTY? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



HOW CAN WE HAVE A FUNERAL WITHOUT A CORPSE?

A FUNERAL HAS TO HAVE A BODY!

YES! WE MUST FIND ONE!



OF COURSE! WE MUST GET A BODY! BUT WHERE?

I DON'T CARE WHERE! I INSIST WE HAVE A BODY FOR MY POOR HUSBAND'S BURIAL!

WAIT... WE HAVE A BODY! RIGHT HERE!



MY HUSBAND'S EMPLOYER! YES! EXCELLENT!

HE'LL MAKE A FINE BODY!

WHAT? SAY, WHAT IS THIS? ARE YOU ALL INSANE?



NO! STOP! FOR GOD'S SAKE, LET ME GO! STOP! PLEASE! YOU CAN'T BURY ME! I'M ALIVE!

HURRY! HURRY! PUSH HIM IN! PUSH HIM IN!

QUICK, NOW! CLOSE THE TOP DOWN! WE'LL HAVE TO NAIL HIM IN!



HELP! HEL...? WHA...WHAT?
WHERE...OH...THANK HEAVEN! I'VE
BEEN DREAMING! THOSE
BLASTED NIGHTMARES! I'M
...I'M SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!



YOU ARE TOO FRIGHTENED TO
SLEEP, SO YOU SIT IN A CHAIR
AND READ...

CONFOUND IT...I'M SO EXHAUSTED!
CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN! I'D
BETTER GET...YAWN-N-N...DRESSED
AND TAKE A WALK!



LEAVING YOUR HOUSE, YOU ROAM
THROUGH DESERTED STREETS TO
THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN...

MISERABLE WEATHER! I WISH
MORNING WERE HERE!...GETTING
TO BE A NERVOUS...

WHAT'S THAT?



ABOVE THE
HOWLING RAIN YOU
THINK YOU
HEAR A CRY
FOR HELP! YOU
AREN'T CER-
TAIN...SO YOU
WAIT, STRAIN-
ING YOUR EARS
TO LISTEN...
AND IT COMES
AGAIN!

SOMEONE IS CALLING!
IT'S COMING FROM OUT
THERE IN THE FIELD
SOMEWHERE!



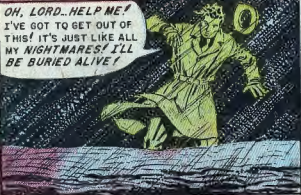
YOU CRAWL THROUGH THE FENCE AND BEGIN TO
SEARCH FOR WHOEVER HAS CALLED. THE DRIVING
RAIN BLINDS YOUR VISION AND YOU STRUGGLE TO
KEEP WALKING, FOR THE MUDDY SLIME IS TREACH-
EROUS... GRASPING...

BLAZES!.. LIKE WALKING
THROUGH A FIELD OF GLUE!
(GASP) CAN'T...CAN'T LIFT
MY FOOT! SO MUDDY...KEEP
SINKING DEEPER...



DESPERATELY, YOU SUMMON ALL YOUR STRENGTH!
YOU TRY TO FREE YOURSELF... AND THEN SUDDENLY...
AS YOU SINK DEEPER, YOU REALIZE YOU HAVE STUM-
BLED INTO... NOT A MUD HOLE... BUT A HUNGRY, SUCK-
ING BOG OF QUICKSAND!

OH, LORD...HELP ME!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF
THIS! IT'S JUST LIKE ALL
MY NIGHTMARES! I'LL
BE BURIED ALIVE!



PANIC-STRICKEN, YOU FLAIL YOUR ARMS, SCREAM-
ING AS LOUD AS YOU CAN! TEARS RUN FROM YOUR
EYES AND WAVES OF TERROR SHAKE YOUR SWEAT-
COVERED BODY! YOU ARE INSANE WITH FEAR! THE
QUICKSAND IS ABOVE YOUR CHEST, NOW...OVER YOUR
CHIN! THEN COMES THE GRITTY, GAGGING SENSATION
AS THE SAND FLOODS IN YOUR MOUTH...THE
CHOKING SUFFOCATION AS IT CLOGS YOUR NOSTRILS...
AND THEN BURNING, EMPTY BLACKNESS...

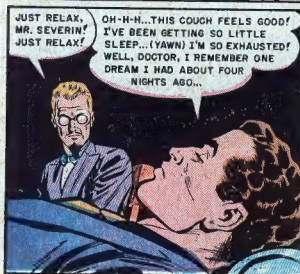




I... I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS! IT'S DAYLIGHT NOW... I'LL GO VISIT A... A DOCTOR TODAY! I... I MUST HAVE HELP!



AND SO, SEVERAL HOURS LATER, YOU ARE USHERED INTO THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF A FAMOUS PSYCHIATRIST...



"IN THIS DREAM I WAS WALKING A DIRT ROAD THAT WOUND ENDLESSLY BESIDE A CEMETARY. I THINK IT WAS RAINING... YES, IT WAS!... AND THE TOMBSTONES COVERED THE GROUND AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE! SUDDENLY, I HEARD A VOICE CALLING MY NAME...



"I HURRIED THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD SEEKING THE SOURCE OF THE VOICE I HAD HEARD. ALL AT ONCE, I CAME UPON A MAUSOLEUM...ITS DOOR STOOD AJAR..."



"SOMEHOW I KNEW THAT THE VOICE HAD COME FROM WITHIN. I ENTERED...I SAW A CASKET, ITS LID CLOSED... AND FROM INSIDE IT I HEARD THE VOICE CALLING MY NAME!"



"I RUSHED TO THE CASKET...FLUNG OPEN THE TOP! AND THEN..."

"A...A *THING* REACHED UP OUT OF THE COFFIN AND GRABBED ME! A SCREAM STRANGLING AND DIED IN MY THROAT AND BEFORE I KNEW IT...THIS *THING* HAD...HAD PULLED ME INTO THE COFFIN!"

"THE LID SLAMMED SHUT! I FOUGHT FRANTICALLY TO OPEN IT, BUT...THE *THING* WRAPPED ITS ARMS ABOUT ME IN AN IRON GRASP AND HELD ME DOWN! I *BEGAN SCREAMING!*"



"THE *THING* ONLY HELD ME TIGHTER! AS I FOUGHT AND STRUGGLED TO FREE MYSELF, I SENSED THAT THIS INHUMAN CREATURE WAS LAUGHING AT ME... FOR IT SEEMED THAT ITS MOUTH WAS TWISTED IN A WICKED GRIN! AFTER A WHILE I CEASED FIGHTING! MY BODY WENT LIMP...AND MY FACE RESTED ON THE FACE OF THE *THING*. I SOBBED QUIETLY IN DESPAIR..."

"SOON EVERY BREATH RACKED MY LUNGS WITH SEARING PAIN! I GASPED AND PANTED FOR AIR... *AIR!* BUT THE *THING* ONLY GRINNED INTO MY FACE AND HELD ME *TIGHTER!* AS I LAY THERE DYING, I COULD HEAR THE CRASHING OF THUNDER... AND MINGLED WITH IT I HEARD THE *THING* CHUCKLING QUIETLY TO ITSELF..."



AND THAT'S HOW IT ENDED, DR. FROYD! JUST LIKE ALL MY NIGHTMARES! I WAS BURIED ALIVE!

I SEE! WELL, MR. SEVERIN, I THINK I CAN READILY EXPLAIN THE CAUSE OF YOUR NIGHTMARES! IT'S QUITE SIMPLE!



YOU'RE OVERWORKED, MR. SEVERIN! AND YOUR DREAMS ARE NOTHING BUT SUBCONSCIOUS MANIFESTATIONS OF THIS FACT! IN OTHER WORDS, YOU FEEL YOU ARE SIMPLY "BURIED UNDER TOO MUCH WORK!"

DO YOU REALLY THINK SO, DOCTOR?



OF COURSE! IT'S NOTHING AT ALL TO WORRY ABOUT! GO AWAY... TAKE A VACATION!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR! I'LL ASK MY BOSS THIS AFTERNOON FOR A VACATION! I CERTAINLY COULD USE ONE!



GOOD! GOOD! A LITTLE REST, AND YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT... I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

OKAY, DR. FROYD! YOU KNOW, I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!



AH, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY! I'M GLAD I DECIDED TO VISIT DR. FROYD! I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO HIM A LONG TIME AGO!

I'LL SEE MR. HARRISON... ASK HIM TO LET ME HAVE MY SUMMER VACATION NOW! DO ME A WORLD OF GOOD! RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, I BETTER GET TO WORK... SEE HOW THAT BUILDING CONSTRUCTION IS COMING ALONG...



YOUR FIRM IS BUILDING A NUMBER OF OFFICE BUILDINGS, AND AS CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER, IT IS YOUR JOB TO SUPERVISE THE WORK...

HI, SEVERIN! WHERE YOU BEEN ALL MORNING?

HELLO, PAUL! I... AH ... I OVERSLEPT! SAY, WHY ISN'T ANYONE WORKING?

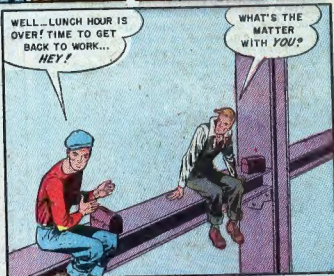




THE MEN HAVE BEEN READYING THE WOODEN FRAMES INTO WHICH THE CEMENT IS POURED TO FORM THE BUILDING'S FOUNDATION. WHEN THE CEMENT DRIES, THESE FORMS WILL BE REMOVED!



YOU NOSE ABOUT INSIDE THE FORMS, CHECKING ON MEASUREMENTS, MAKING SURE ALL IS OKAY...



THAT'S STRANGE!
I COULD SWEAR I
HEARD SOMEONE
CALLING ME!
AND WHAT'S ALL
THAT NOISE?



GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE GOING
TO POUR THE FOUNDATION! THEY
DON'T KNOW I'M HERE! I'VE
GOT TO GET OUT!...??
WAIT A MINUTE...



WHAT AM I WORRIED ABOUT? THIS
IS JUST LIKE ANOTHER NIGHT-
MARE! I HEAR MY NAME CALLED
AND THEN I'M BURIED ALIVE.
HA!



I WON'T BE FOOLED THIS TIME! HA! HA! HA!
I'M PROBABLY SLEEPING ON THE COUCH IN DR.
FROYD'S OFFICE! HA! HA! WAIT'LL I WAKE
UP... WILL I TELL HIM A STORY! O'MON! BRING
ON THE CEMENT! THIS IS JUST
ANOTHER DREAM!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE KNEW
WHAT WAS HAPPENING! HE COULD
HAVE GOTTEN OUT IN TIME! BUT
HE JUST STOOD THERE... LAUGHING!
LIKE IT WAS A BIG JOKE! CAN'T
THEY GET HIM OUT?

SURE! BUT IT WON'T DO
ANY GOOD! HE'S DEAD
BY NOW! CHEE, I'M
SURE GLAD IT WASN'T
ME THAT WAS BURIED
ALIVE!



-THE
END-

AN THE TUNING THAT SEPARATES THE PHYSICAL FROM THE SPIRITUAL... THE LIVING FROM THE DEAD!
THIS IS A STORY ABOUT THE LIVING *AND* THE DEAD! WHO WOULD SUSPECT THIS GRUESOME STORY
COULD START ON A COMMONPLACE TELEVISION SET... ON MILLIONS OF TELEVISION SETS... IN MIL-
LIONS OF HOMES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! BUT ENOUGH! LET US BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING... THE
BEGINNING OF THE TALE OF...

TELEVISION TERROR!

A JOURNEY
INTO THE
SUPERNATURAL

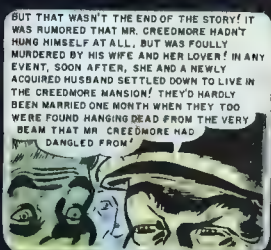
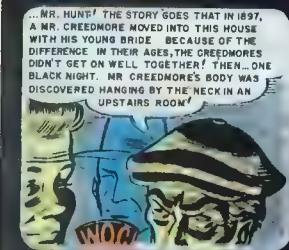
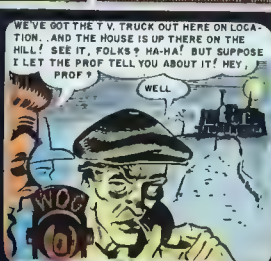
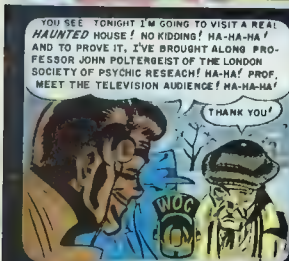
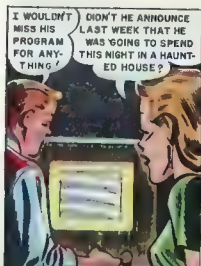
WE FIND OURSELVES IN AN ORDINARY AMERICAN
HOME! THE BARRY FAMILY HAS JUST FINISHED
SUPPER...

MMM. THAT WAS A FINE
MEAT, MARTHA!

HEY, BOBBY!
IT'S TIME FOR THE
AL HUNT SHOW!

WONDER
WHAT HE'S
GOING TO
DO TONIGHT!

CLICK!



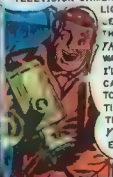
SINCE THEN, SIXTY YEARS AGO, NO ONE HAS LIVED IN THE CREEDMORE MANSION! IT IS A WELL KNOWN **FACT** AMONGST THE NEIGHBORS THAT CREEDMORE MANSION IS **HAUNTED!**



WELL... HA HA! ON WITH THE SHOW! LET'S BE OFF TO SEE THE SPOOKS, GHOSTS AND BANSHEES! HA HA HA!



NOW... LET ME EXPLAIN, FOLKS! THIS TRIP WILL BE NO FAKE... **NO, SIR!** I SAID I WAS GOING INTO A REAL HAUNTED HOUSE, AND BY GOLLY... **I AM!** I HAVE HERE A SPECIAL PORTABLE TELEVISION CAMERA WITH A POWERFUL SPOT LIGHT! SEE... I'M GOING TO LEAVE THE TELEVISION CREW, THE POWER TRUCK... **EVERYTHING...** BEHIND! THEN AS I WALK UP AND INTO THE HOUSE, I'LL REEL OUT A CABLE. SO'S I CAN HAVE MY CAMERA CONNECTED TO THE POWER TRUCK AT ALL TIMES! THEN THERE'LL BE JUST THE PROFESSOR, MYSELF, AND **YOU**, THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE INSIDE THE HAUNTED HOUSE!



THE PROFESSOR WILL ROOT OUT THE SPOOKS AND I'LL TAKE THEIR PICTURE, HEY, PROF? HA HA!

I WARN YOU, MR. HUNT! THE WORLD OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IS NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY!



WELL... THERE THEY GO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! AL HUNT WITH HIS SPECIAL CAMERA REELING OUT THE CABLE, AND PROF. POLTERGEIST WITH HIS LITTLE SUITCASE OF GHOST HUNTING EQUIPMENT!



NOW FOLKS, WE'RE READY TO GO INSIDE THE HAUNTED HOUSE! HA-HA-HA! AT THIS POINT THE ENGINEERS WILL SWITCH YOU OVER TO THE CAMERA THAT I'M CARRYING



HERE WE GO, FOLKS! YOU FIRST, PROFESSOR! HA! HA!

NOW I WARN YOU, MR HUNT! IF THERE ARE EVIL SPIRITS HERE YOU MAY BE ENGULFED BY A TERRIBLE DEPRESSION! IN ANY EVENT, KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU!



NOW THAT WE'RE INSIDE I'LL JUST SET THE CAMERA DOWN HERE ON THE FLOOR SO THAT WE CAN WALK AROUND IN FRONT OF IT! THERE!



BRRR! ISN'T THIS THE SPOOKIEST HOUSE YOU'VE EVER SEEN, FOLKS! HA-HA! WELL, PROF, FIND ANY SPOOKS YET? HEH! GEE IT'S AWFULLY COLD IN HERE!



YOU MAY LAUGH, MR HUNT, BUT I SENSE THE PRESENCE OF SOMETHING VERY STRONGLY!

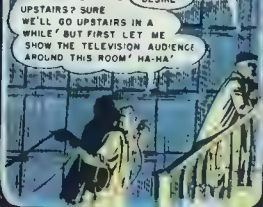
HA! CUT IT OUT, PROF! YOU'LL SCARE OUR AUDIENCE TO DEATH!

NEVERTHELESS, I DO SENSE A PRESENCE VERY DEFINITELY AND SENSATIONS SEEM TO COME FROM UPSTAIRS!



I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO INVESTIGATE, MR HUNT! YOU MAY FOLLOW ME IF YOU SO DESIRE!

UPSTAIRS? SURE WE'LL GO UPSTAIRS IN A WHILE! BUT FIRST LET ME SHOW THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE AROUND THIS ROOM! HA-HA!



HELL, FOLKS THE PROFESSOR IS PUTTERING
AROUND UPSTAIRS! HA-HA! I CAN HEAR HIS FOOT-
STEPS MOVING ABOVE ME! T-T-HIS PLACE IS
HAH, REALLY CREEPY! WEE ELL! LET'S SEE
NOW! I'LL SWING THIS
CAMERA AROUND!



SAY! LOOK HERE! A PAINTING! MUST BE O.D.
MAN CREEDMORE! SURE LOOKS LOOKS DOWN
RIGHT MEAN! HEH! GEE THE CHILL GETS
YOU RIGHT TO THE B-BONE!



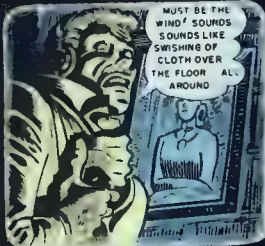
AND THIS MUST'VE BEEN THE MISSUS!
SOME DISH, HUM FOLKS! STRANGE! IT'S SO
ICY COLD IN THIS CORNER OF THE
R ROOM!



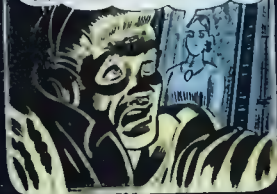
HA-HA! FUNNY! THIS PLACE MUST BE REALLY
GETTING ME! NOW I'M BEGINNING TO HEAR
THINGS! ALL GOES TO SHOW YOU HOW YOU
IMAGINE THINGS WHEN YOU'RE WELL
SCARED!

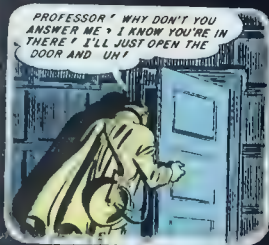
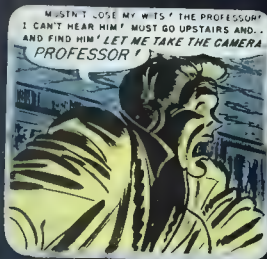
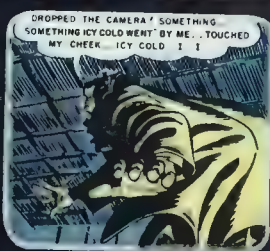


MUST BE THE
WIND! SOUNDS
SOUNDS LIKE
SWISHING OF
CLOTH OVER
THE FLOOR ALL
AROUND



PROFESSOR IS STILL MOVING ABOUT UPSTAIRS!
GUESS I'LL GO UP AND JOIN HIM! PHEW
WON'T WE ALL BE GLAD WHEN THIS PROGRAM'S
OVER! NOW LET ME LIFT THIS CAMERA





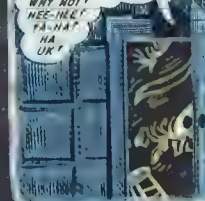
THE PROFESSOR! THOSE PEOPLE!
MY BRAIN IS WHIRLING I-I



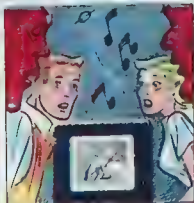
HEE...HEE! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! HEE-
HEE-HEE! YOU'RE MR. GREEDMORE. AND
MRS. GREEDMORE... AND YOUR LOVER..
HEE-HEE! YOU
WANT ME TO CLIMB
UP THERE? SURE!
HEE-HEE HEE! I
DON'T CARE!



HEE-HEE! PUT THIS AROUND
MY NECK? HEE-HEE-HEE!
WHY NOT?
HEE-HEE!
FA-NAT
HA
UK!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! DUE TO
CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR
CONTROL, WE... SOMETHING... AH,
UNFORESEEN... INTERRUPT... WE...
NOW SWITCH YOU... TO OUR
STUDIOS FOR AN INTERLUDE
OF MUSIC!



STRANGE? WELL, THAT WAS THE
PROGRAM JUST AS IT WAS ORIGI-
NALLY TELEVIEWED! CAN YOU
EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED? WE
CAN'T!

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Carstairs awoke with a start; his forehead was damp with ice-cold perspiration and the twisted bedclothes attested to the fact that his slumber had been turbulent. He passed a shaky hand over his throbbing eyes and tried hard to swallow the lump of fear that was caught in his throat. The thing of it was by all odds the most terrible dream he had ever experienced... its appalling clearness and urgency made it a horrible nightmare. A shudder trembled waistly down his slender body.

Carstairs kicked the duvet away and his feet slid to the carpet. His face grew convulsively and stumbled across to the bathroom. By main effort he was able to turn on the faucet and slosh cold water over his face and neck. He staggered back to his bedroom and slumped into the easy chair next to the window. His dream had been as real as anything he ever remembered. Why was it to him? Even now he felt a tremor of fear when he thought of the man who had been in the parking place to the taxi well open. In his dream he had seen a tall man standing motionless in the hallway. A man he had never seen before, with a vicious white scar running down temple to chin. A man who was as pale as the thin Carstairs and whose still head a perfect picture of him.

"They're coming behind me!" the man had said breathlessly, for a moment, his way into the room (but brushing Carstairs aside as he did so).

Carstairs had stared at the man and only when he had turned away had he watched in

silent terror as a weird glint came to the stranger's eye and the man slowly removed his hands from his pockets, spreading them over his face. And then in an instant Carstairs had those grotesque hands digging into his neck. He had stood in the doorway, felt the man's fingers in on him as his consciousness was choked out of him!

Carstairs had awakened in a cold-sweat. Even now he could almost feel the strangling sensation in his throat. Even now, with all the other and Carstairs told him how he was feeling in the night of people in the apartment he had a moment before with shaking fingers. With each faint breeze of normalcy seemed to flow over him.

Must have been that infernal midnight snore! He closed his eyes as he lay down. And then the door opened. Carstairs saw the man standing in the hallway, looking at him with a cold, killing smile. He felt the man's fingers closing the door behind him. The man was in the room.

There was a short cry, and Carstairs saw the man's face. But his eyes were closed as he crossed the room, his hands empty when he was so very much to just what he headed.

Carstairs had hurried on the knob and the door swung open. In the hallway stood a tall man Carstairs could not seem to name. The overhead light was a dim, glowing, and Carstairs saw the man's face as he stepped into the room.

Carstairs felt the faintness creeping up on him again. They're close behind me, the stranger was saying breathlessly...

SOMEWHERE...SOMEWHERE ON THIS EARTH, THERE'S A HIDEOUS...THING...
PEERING INTO DIMMED WINDOWS, STALKING LONELY STREETS, LURKING IN
THE SHADOWS THE FANTASTIC CREATION OF FRUSTRATED GENIUS, THE
FRIGHTFUL ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE...

MONSTER MAKER!

A SCIENTIFIC
SUSPENSE STORY

ONE GLOOMY AFTERNOON IN THE
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SURGEON OF
LONDON HOSPITAL...A DEPRESSING,
UNPLEASANT DUTY WAS BEING
PERFORMED...

I'M SORRY, DOCTOR
RAVENSCLAR, BUT YOU CAN REALIZE
MY POSITION...I'M BEING FORCED
INTO THIS DECISION...

B-BUT

DOCTOR! AFTER ALL THE
YEARS...THE WORK...SACRI-
FICE...THE SUCCESS! NOW
THIS!

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, JOHN.

VERY WELL!
VERY WELL!
BUT UPON MY
RETURN, YOU SHALL
HAVE SOMETHING TO
BEHOLD! INDEED,
TO BEHOLD!

THOUGHTFULLY, THE DEJECTED DOCTOR RAVENSCAR PASSED THROUGH THE FOG AND GLOOM

LONG REST! BAH! THEY DON'T FOOL ME ONE BIT! OVERLOOK MY FABULOUS SUCCESS, BUT SEIZE UPON TRIVIAL FAILURES!

FRUSTRATION HIS SOUL-MATE, THE CELEBRATED BRAIN SURGEON ENTERED HIS LUXURIOUS HOME HIS LABORATORY ASSISTANT, WHITSLY, LISTENED INTENTLY TO THE DISAPPOINTING TURN OF EVENTS.

THEY'VE TURNED YOU OUT? B-BUT WHY? BECAUSE THE OPERATIONS FAILED? PROVED FATAL?

BECAUSE OF THREE FAILURES IN SUCCESSION... THREE DEATHS IN A ROW! IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE! BUT NO! NO! THEY CALLED THEM SIMPLE OPERATIONS!

WAIT...JUST WAIT! QUICK WHITSLY! WE'RE LEAVING AT ONCE! PACK OUR EQUIPMENT. OUR INSTRUMENTS!

AND GET THE CAR!

YES DOCTOR!

A BURNING MEMORY OF RAVENSCAR'S WRATH ENABLED WHITSLY'S CLAMMY HANDS TO GUIDE THE BIG CAR SKILLFULLY, HASTILY NORTHWARD... TOWARD THE SEA!

FASTER, YOU IDIOT! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE!

THE MAD JOURNEY FINISHED, THE EXHAUSTED WHITSLY BROUGHT THE CAR TO A FINAL HALT! THERE, ON THE CLIFF'S EDGE, STOOD THE CASTLE OF RAVENSCAR OVERLOOKING THE NORTH SEA AND DESOLATE MOON...

AHH! THERE IT IS! THERE IT IS, JUST AS IT WAS BUILT HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO BY MY ANCESTORS!

HIS COMMANDS HAVING TURNED WHISKEY TO MANY TASKS, THE DOCTOR SPENT THE ENTIRE NIGHT RE-EXAMINING HIS LONG YEARS OF SECRET RESEARCH.

AN YES!
"YES I'M READY" THE
WORLD SHALL EMBRACE ME!

NEXT MORNING, THOUGH THE SUN HAD SCARCELY DISSOLVED THE CHILL OF THAT REGION, RAVENSCAR HAD ALREADY BEGUN THE PROCUREMENT OF LARGE QUANTITIES OF METAL, GLASS, CHEMICALS, LABORATORY EQUIPMENT.

THEY DON'T
HAVE IT? TELL
THEM TO GET IT!
SPARE NO
COST!



MONTHS PASSED... BUT ENLISTING THE MANY CRAFTSMEN OF THE COUNTRYSIDE, RAVENSCAR SUCCESSFULLY DIRECTED THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE CASTLE'S GIGANTIC KITCHEN INTO A FANTASTIC LABORATORY!

BUT WHAT'S
IT FOR?

NEVER MIND!
YOU'VE BEEN PAID!
GET OUT!

THAT EVENING, A VIOLENT STORM CHURNED THE SEA, AND SEETHED ABOUT THE TOWERS OF THE OLD CASTLE... BUT RAVENSCAR WAS PREOCCUPIED BY HIS MOST INSPIRING EXPERIMENT.

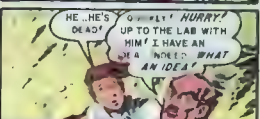
THE BRAIN
ALIVE. FED

DOCTOR! DOCTOR!
A SHIPWRECK!
A MAN, WASHING UP
ONTO THE SHORE!
HE'LL BE DROWNED.



HE... HE'S
DEAD!

QUICKLY! HURRY!
UP TO THE LAB WITH
HIM! I HAVE AN
IDEA. WHAT
AN IDEA!

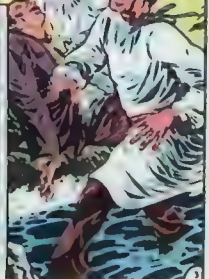
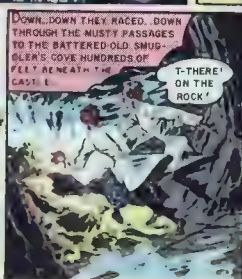


DROWNED?



DOWN, DOWN THEY RACED, DOWN THROUGH THE MUSTY PASSAGES TO THE BATTERED OLD SMUGGLER'S COVE HUNDREDS OF FEET BENEATH THE CASTLE.

T-THERE!
ON THE
ROCK!



THE EXHAUSTING CLIMB TO THE LAB DID NOT ALTER RAVENSCAR'S WILD ENTHUSIASM.

ON THIS SLAB... THAT'S IT! NOW QUICK WHITSLY! GET THE BRAIN!!

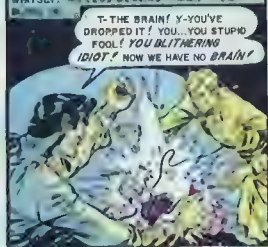


WE'VE NOURISHED IT! KEPT IT ALIVE! WHY TRANSFER IT TO A DOG? WE HAVE A MAN! WHY NOT A MAN? WHY NOT? HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HURRY



THE TWO MEN... RAVENSCAR... WHITSLY!... LEAVING... HAD NO

T-THE BRAIN! Y-YOU'VE DROPPED IT! YOU... YOU STUPID FOOL! YOU BLITHERING IDIOT! NOW WE HAVE NO BRAIN!



BRAIN A MAN'S BRAIN!



OH-HHH... N-NO! NO! NO! PLEASE! PLEASE! ACHHHHHHHH!

THE TWO MEN... RAVENSCAR... WHITSLY!... LEAVING... HAD NO

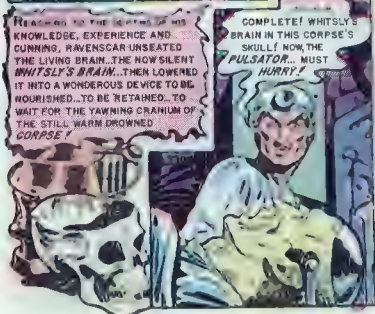
RAVENSCAR GUIDED THE GIGANTIC PULSATING NEEDLE TO THE METALLIC DISC COVERING THE HEART! IT HOVERS DIRECTLY

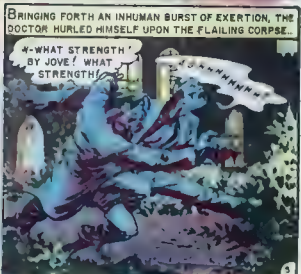
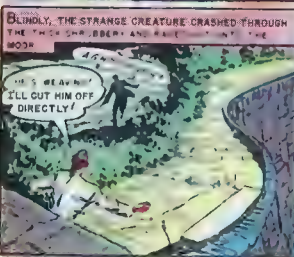
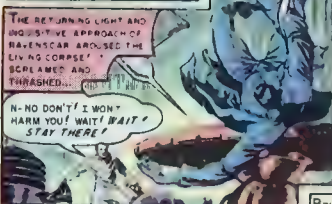
LIVE! LIVE!



REACHED TO THE DEPTHS OF HIS KNOWLEDGE, EXPERIENCE AND CUNNING, RAVENSCAR UNSEATED THE LIVING BRAIN...THE NOW SILENT WHITSLY'S BRAIN...THEN LOWERED IT INTO A WONDEROUS DEVICE TO BE NOURISHED...TO BE RETAINED...TO WAIT FOR THE YAWNING CRANIAM OF THE STILL WARM DROWNED CORPSE!

COMPLETE! WHITSLY'S BRAIN IN THIS CORPSE'S SKULL! NOW, THE PULSATOR... MUST HURRY!







FORTUNATE FOR ME THAT HE CAN'T SEE... UGHNN!



WEIRD SCREAMS FROM THE TOWER REVIVED RAVENSCAR'S SENSES...



THERE HE IS! CAN'T SEE ME! HE MUSTN'T GET TO THE WINDOW!

RAVENSCAR LUNGED WILDLY TOWARDS THE CORPSE TO PREVENT ITS FALLING THROUGH THE TOWER WINDOW...BUT, AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT, THE CORPSE DEFTLY SIDE STEPPED...

DOWN...DOWN...DOWN THE HUNDREDS OF FEET TO THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW PLUNGED RAVENSCAR STARED BLANKLY AFTER HIM...



THEN, IT TURNED.

DID IT... THIS *THING*... LURE THE FRUSTRATED GENIUS RAVENSCAR TO HIS DEATH?.. WHISLY IS DEAD! THE DOCTOR IS DEAD! BUT WHERE IS THE *THING*? WHERE?? WHERE IS IT RIGHT NOW?





THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

[illegible]

Dear Old Witch,

[illegible]

Mr. F. H. Williams
Chicago 19, Ill.

Thank you, Barbara, for your slightly complimentary letter! Of course, you under-rate my magazine . . . It's much better than the WEAK words you have used to describe it! Oh . . . and please don't use the words HORROR and TERROR . . . these sissy words belong to those two tellers of FAIRY TALES, THE CRYPT-KEEPER and THE VAULT-KEEPER!

Dear Old Witch.

[illegible]

NPT USN

What — ME? Doing all that? Anchors
aweight! Always did like the NAVY! ME . . .
helping all those handsome sailors! Well,

scrape off my BARNACLES and call me
BILGE-WATER BESSIE, the BAG of the BAT-
TLEWAGONS!

My dearest Old Man,

You MUST put this question once and for all. The keeper of the Key to Freedom the Keeper of the CHRYST KEYRING knows that you are the CRAB-APPLE. As you and I both know that you are the CRAB-APPLE the oldest of the CHRYST KEYRINGS told me "NAUSEATING OLD BUZZARD" and it was then that I said to you ME publicly proclaim ME to be the CRAB-APPLE of your BLOOD-SHED EYES. The CHRYST KEYRING said that your clothes are mine for their taking and that they put old women to sleep at night!

THE VAULT-KEEPER

1015

Dearest Old Crone,

The Keeper of the VAULT of HORROR, that foppish teller of milk-toast tales, has announced that you are his BITTER-HEART! WE know that is POPPYCOCK, don't we! Once you said to me, "GAD, YOU REVOLT ME!" I knew at once that it was LOVE AT FIRST FRIGHT! So tell the world . . . spew it forth from your crooked toothless mouth . . . that it is I who be the CREEPY MONSTER of your NIGHTMARES! (The VAULT-KEEPER said that your magazine wouldn't make a bowl of gelatin quiver during an earthquake . . . that it makes duller reading than a telephone directory!). THE CRYPT-KEEPER

CRYPT OF TERROR, U.S.A.

Are you two decayed old derelicts KID.

DING? Why I wouldn't be caught ALIVE with either of you! With all the vampires and werewolves living in the HAUNT OF FEAR, how can you CREEPS expect to RATE? See . . . one little COMPLIMENT and you OLD COOTS become CASANOVAS . . . great lovers! Why don't you go bury each other . . . alive?

To reach center when you are nearly
enough to the top, you will find me
near the bottom of the page. You can
read A more easily than the other words.
Read the page at the bottom of N.Y.

12.N.Y.



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THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

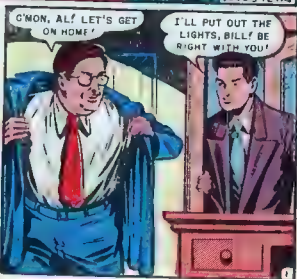
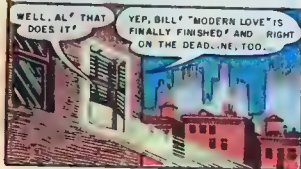


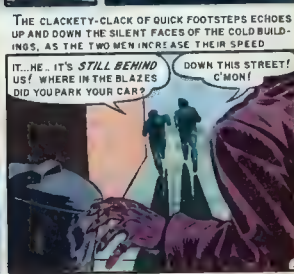
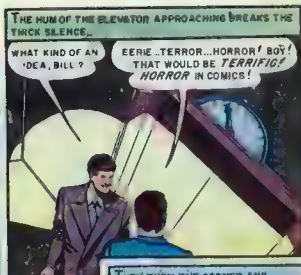
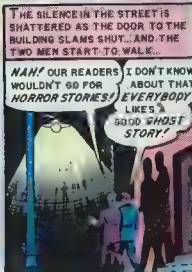
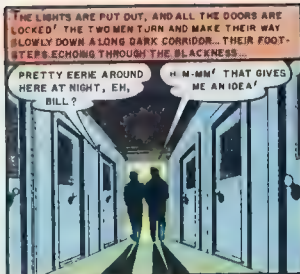
HEH-HEH! WELL...WE MEET AGAIN! COME IN! COME IN! I AM THE OLD WITCH...MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS, MY VERY OWN MAGAZINE, I LIGHT THE FIRE BENEATH MY CAULDRON...AND AS THE EMBERS GLOW, I BREW FOR YOU ANOTHER TALE ABOUT THE INHABITANTS OF MY HORRIBLE ABODE...THE VAMPIRES...THE WEREWOLVES...THE SHAPELESS GHOSTS...

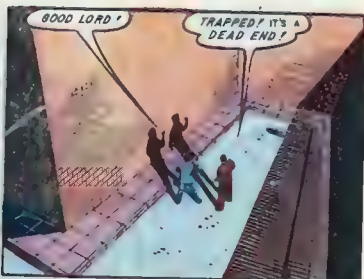
THIS TIME, DUE TO THE MANY REQUESTS I HAVE RECEIVED, I AM GOING TO TELL YOU A STRANGE TALE ABOUT TWO MEN TWO MEN WHO ARE THE EDITORS OF THE E.C. GOMIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY...AND HOW THEY ENCOUNTERED

HORROR BENEATH THE STREETS!

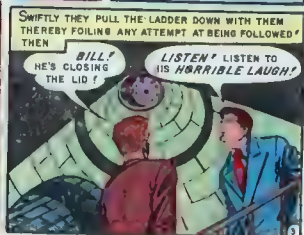
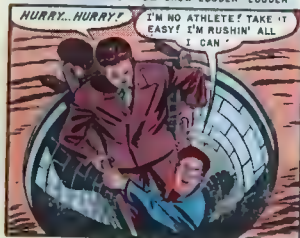
MY STORY BEGINS ON A DANK, DISMAL NIGHT! THE CITY IS ASLEEP! THE BUILDINGS STAND, COLD AND BARE LIKE TOMBSTONES IN A CROWDED CEMETARY! ALL IS SILENT...ALL IS DARKNESS...EXCEPT FOR A SINGLE LIGHTED WINDOW, HIGH UP IN ONE BUILDING... THE OFFICES OF THE E.C. GOMIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY! INSIDE TWO MEN BREATHE A SIGN OF RELIEF







THE TWO TERROR ZED MEN SCAMPER DOWN THE TAWN
ING BLACK HOLE AS THE CLACK CLACK OF THE
FOOTSTEPS BEHIND THEM GROW LOUDER LOUDER





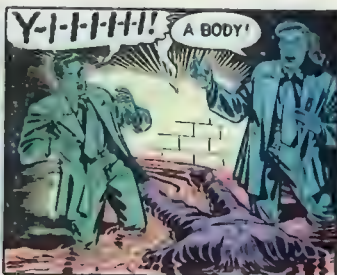
SUDDENLY THE HYSTERICAL RANTING OF THE PERSON ABOVE THEM STOPS... AND QUICK FOOTSTEPS SCURRY AWAY IN THE STREET.





L...L... LIGHT A... M. MATCH
BILL! I... I'M STEPPING ON
S...S... SOMETHING! S
S. SOMETHING SOFT!

IT'S
NOTHING
A! P...PROBABLY
JUST A PILE OF
GARBAGE
SEE!



Y-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I!

A BODY!

BLINDLY THE TWO MEN RUSH FROM THE HARROWING
SIGHT OF THE DECAYED CORPSE SLUSHING THROUGH
THE STENCH... FALLING... CRAWLING! FEAR. FEAR
IN THEIR HEARTS... FEAR IN THEIR MINDS... FEAR
AND HORROR PURSUING THEM...



EXHAUSTED... THEY STOP... LEANING ON THE
DRIPPING WALLS FOR SUPPORT



GASP... I... GASP... CAN'T
GO... ON... MUCH... FURTHER!

LOOK, BILL! A
LIGHT... UP
AHEAD!



C MON! MAYBE IT'S
A WAY OUT OF THIS
GOD-FORSAKEN HOLE?

YOU TAKE A
LOOK WHILE
...I... REST
UP



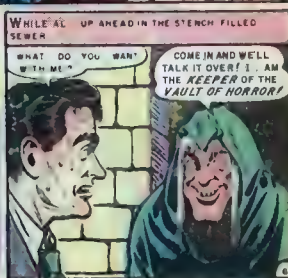
OKAY! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! WAIT
HERE! I'LL SEE WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT! I



BILL! WHERE ARE YOU?



MEANWHILE, THE OTHER ONE, BILL, FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE DIMLY-LIT ROOM, FACING HIS CAPTOR



ALL IS STILL NOW IN THE MUSTY TUNNELS BENEATH THE STREETS! ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL SHRIEKING OF A RAT! THEN... A SPLASH... AND ANOTHER! SOMEONE IS COMING!

AL? WHERE ARE YOU?



DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL, ANOTHER SPLASH IS HEARD!

BILL? IS THAT YOU?



BOY, I WAS NEVER HAPPIER TO SEE ANYONE IN MY LIFE! LISTEN TO WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING!



... AND SO THIS CREEP WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE KEEPER OF THE CRYPT OF TERROR STICKS A CONTRACT UNDER MY NOSE! WHAT COULD I DO? I SIGNED IT!

GULP! YOU TOO? LOOK! I SIGNED ONE WITH SOME FIEND CALLED THE KEEPER OF THE VAULT OF HORROR!



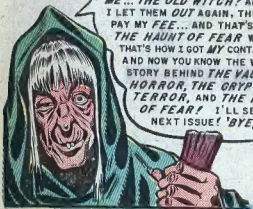
WELL, AL! THEY GOT US! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO PUBLISH THEIR STUFF!

COME ON, BILL. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! WELL... ALMOST! PERHAPS YOU'RE WONDERING WHO IT WAS THAT FOLLOWED THE TWO EDITORS AND FORCED THEM TO ENTER THAT HORRID SEWER! WELL... THAT WAS

ME... THE OLD WITCH! AND WHEN I LET THEM OUT AGAIN, THEY HAD TO PAY MY FEE... AND THAT'S HOW THE HAUNT OF FEAR WAS BORN! THAT'S HOW I GOT MY CONTRACT! AND NOW YOU KNOW THE WHOLE STORY BEHIND THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE CRYPT OF TERROR, AND THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I'LL SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE! 'BYE, NOW!

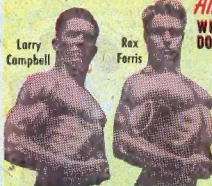


THE TERRIFIED EDITORS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHICH STORY IN THIS MAGAZINE YOU LIKED BEST! VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE!

1. NIGHTMARE! A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY!
 2. MONSTER MAKER! A SCIENTIFIC SUSPENSORY!
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Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS paid only a Few Cents? to become an All-Around HE-MAN at Home



Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

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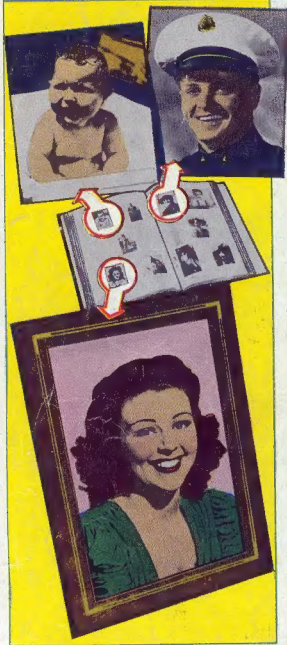
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